70's Tuxedos

That Handsome Devil

Mother was a bartender, pops was a truck driver, tough guy who always aimed much higher
Would lift you up and leave you there, just hanging in the air
Dying to be famous with the latest and the greatest of the masochists and sadists
Your sacrifices is so contrived, fraudulent, contractualized
If there's nothing you would die for, then what are you alive for?
There's no reason for believing anymore
Blame it on us
For expecting too much

I wanna dig up The Beatles, fuck, and share needles
With girls from 70s TV shows

All the stars that you look up to will let you down
They're dead by now
All the stars that you look up to will let you down
They're dead by now

I got a feeling that it's gonna get cold tonight
Watching all the stars get old and die

Well it may sound weird, what with you up there and us down here
But you forgot the feel of living, it's warm and it's forgiving
When those clouds clear, can you still see us down here?
Well you forgot the feel of living, it's what you loved in the beginning

If there's nothing you would die for, then what are you alive for?
There's no reason for believing anymore
Blame it on us
For setting you up

I wanna dig up The Beatles, fuck, and share needles
With girls from 70s TV shows
I wanna eat a bald eagle, fuck and share needles
Or dig Reno in 70s tuxedos

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